THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

Devoted to Masonry, Literature, and Useful Knowledge.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.] ALBANY, SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1841. [VOL. II—NO. 40

MASONIC.

For the American Masonic Register.

DESULTORY THOUGHTS ON FREEMASONRY.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 409, NO. 32.

13. Although Freemasonry may be perverted and abused by designing men, this fact constitutes no valid objection to the order itself. Its principles offer to the consideration of its votaries a moral code in strict accordance with the code of ethics contained in the Bible. Its lectures and charges, whether oral or written contain rules of moral conduct perfectly in unison with the doctrines of Christianity, and their avowed object is to promote and extend the virtues of Brotherly Love, Charity, Temperance, and universal Benevolence. Being essentially a moral institution, and not religious, in the strict sense of the term, it prescribes no particular creed, but it is, at the same time, so closely connected with religion, that it forms as it were, a stepping stone to that sublime and beautiful system, of which the Savior of mankind afforded a bright and glorious example.

14. If the true principles of Freemasonry were cherished and practised by its members, how beautiful would the temple appear! The best desires of the human heart would be fulfilled; the cause of universal benevolence would be honored and promoted, and the true end and aim of the institution would be manifest to the world.

15. St. Paul, well knowing how important peace and harmony were to the integrity of the church, to its prosperity, and the extension of its doctrines, admonished his brethren to drive from the threshhold every evil passion, every impure desire, that all things might give place to peace and good fellowship. How forcibly do such doctrines address themselves to masons? How perfectly applicable are they to masons of every degree and order? The christian church was then in its infancy, struggling for ascendancy over the gods of paganism. It was necessary for their preservation that the Christians should be united; that they should practice the virtue of Brotherly Love, and that they should support and encourage each other in every good work. It is thus with Masons. By the practice of Brotherly Love, and its associate virtues, the character of the institution will be elevated, and its opponents will retire abashed frem the conflict.

16. It has been remarked by a distinguished member of the fraternity that "it cannot be expected that in every society there will be a perfect accord, and congeniality of minds, of tastes, and of morals. Hence difference will sometimes arise." This is true. In the best regulated societies there will be occasional disturbances, but a proper exercise of Brotherly Love on the part of those who are not immediately interested, will in nine cases out of ten, prevent them from breaking out into violent convulsions. In the course of my masonic life, I have often seen violent quarrels reconciled by such interposition which, under other circumstances, would have ended in bloodshed. It is a beautiful feature in the masonic character, that it posses such an influence over the passions of men.

17. Freemasonry is essentially a charitable institution. No institution more strongly enforces this virtue by its aws and its precepts. How strikingly this virtue is impressed upon the novice every mason well knows. In the language of one of our charges, "the mason's heart should be ever ready to commiserate distress; his hand ever open to relieve it; he should drop the cordial balm on the wounds affliction has made, and bind up the heart which sorrow has broken." No mason who is embued with the true spirit of the order, will turn a deaf ear to the supplications of a worthy brother, or reject his application when in his power to afford relief. If there be one he is unworthy the badge he wears.

18. Charity may be contemplated in another aspect not less beautiful than that of affording pecuniary relief. On this point I shall use the language, "It does not require us to excuse the vices, or overlook the errors of a friend. One of the best proofs of charity towards a brother is that affectionate censorship which watches over his actions, marks his errors, and sedulously labors for their correction. It instructs us to bear with affectionate sympathy those eccentricities of character, those fluctuations of temper, and those little excesses either of gaiety or depression to which all are subject. We should advise a friend with caution, and reprove with meekness." When thus contemplated Charity is a high and noble virtue, and one not difficult to exercise. A mason who acts according to this principle in his intercourse with his brethren, will bring back to the fold many a wandering sheep, and reclaim many an erring brother.

19. The vice of intemperance is one which cannot be too carefully avoided, inedpendently of being a direct breach of masonic duty. How often do we find a splendid genius prostrated, and a noble mind destroyed by the debasing effects of this worst of vices—the worst because it leads to so many others. God endowed man with reason and intelligence for higher, nobler purposes. He did not endow him with the highest powers of intellect to be destroyed by intemperance. He did not give him noble sentiments and generous feelings to be debased by this wretched vice. He created him in his own likeness, that, towering above all other created beings, he might assume the exalted station he was destined to fill. He gave him an immortal soul, that by properly cultivating his powers here he might be better fitted to enjoy immortality in the world to come.

20. Masons, like other citizens of this free government may differ on the great political questions which from time to time, agitate the community, but under all circumstances it is their duty to acknowledge the supremacy of the laws, and bow to their decisions. A mason is *free* in every sense of the word; he is a *freeman* as well as *freemason*, but he who rightly understands his masonic duties, and justly appreciates the privileges of his order, will ever feel the weight of his civil obligations. He who would enter into plots and conspiracies against his government, or obstruct the execution of its laws, is a traitor to his order.

Louisville, Ky., April 27, 1841. T.

[The following from the pen of Giles F. Yates, Esq. of Schenectady, was published a number of years ago. It appears to have been chiefly designed for those Brethren of the "ineffable degrees," and we presume it will not only be acceptable to them, but to the Masonic reader generally.—ED.]

MASONIC CHRONOLOGY.

It has been an immemorial custom among "blue" and "red," as well as "sublime freemasons," to date from the creation. The reason of this custom, is doubtless because the principles upon which their order is founded, can be traced from the beginning of time. With sublime freemasons, there is an additional reason. Certain circumstances detailed in some of their degrees, have an allusion to the time, when by the fiat of Jehovah, the chaotic materials of this earth were ranged in form and order, and gleams of light dispelled the darkness, that enveloped "the face of the deep." Every accomplished brother will here readily advert to our mottos, "Lux ex tenebris," and "ordo ab chao." And when it is considered, that the Jews were the original depositories of some of the sublime mysteries, it is not to be wondered at, that sublime freemasons should adopt, or retain, the Jewish mode of dating.

It has been a subject of much speculation, at what time before Christ to fix the epoch of the creation.—"Several hundred calculations and opinions have been given, making the extreme dates differ upwards of 3000 years." Since the most learned chronologers do not agree on this point, it is not strange surely, that freemasons should differ in their computations. Masons of the lower degrees, usually compute by the "vulgar year of our Lod," adding to it 4000 years; thus calling the present year 5820. But Dionysius Exigus, who, A. D. 532, first taught christians to date from the birth of Christ, commmenced the Christian era *four* years *too late*. The true epoch of the creation, is B. C. 4004. This is the chronology established by those profound scholars, Usher, Prideaux, Calmet, and others, and is according to the Hebrew text. It has received the sanction of the greatest Protestant divines throughout the world, and is held in such high repute, that it is adopted in the authorised versions of the Holy Scriptures. Sublime freemasons use this chronology either alone, or in conjunction with the vulgar Jewish computation, which fixes the creation B. C. 3760.

In one of the sublime degrees, allusion is made to an ancient Syriac manuscript, discovered A. D. 1553, which represents the world as being many thousand years older than by the chronology of the Bible.—That freemasons should make pretensions to a discovery so much at variance with the commonly received opinion of men on this subject, might by some be deemed presumptuous. In answer, we will state simply one fact. Not many years ago, the learned Dr. Hales, in his "analysis of chronology,"* has established a new era, which makes the present year of the world 7231. He has, in the most able manner, controverted the system of Usher, and if not fully established his own system, has advanced such powerful arguments in support of it, as will stagger the most sceptical.

The "year of the restoration," which will be found in some masonic documents, cannot with propriety be used by masons below the 16th degree, and is seldom used by any except masons above that grade. It is calculated from the time Cyrus issued his decree for the restoration of the ancient Israelites. The Knights Templars have a date peculiar to themselves, which is computed from the time their order was established. According to these several computations, the date of this communication would be, the 19th day of the second month IYAR, Judæorum anno 5587, Anno Liberationes 2362, Anno Lucis 5831, Anno Ordinis (of the Templars) 709, which answers to the 16th day of May, Anno Domini 1827, and (it may not be impertinent to add) to the 10th day of the 11th Arabic month, called Dalhaadah [signifying month of repose] Hegira 1205.

The Rabbies maintain that the Almighty rested from the work of creation, on a day answering to the first day of their month Tisri, which corresponds with Sunday, October 23d. It is admitted that the Hebrews originally began the year with that month. But on their departure out of the land of Egypt and in commemoration thereof, they were divinely commanded† to make their year commence at the beginning of the month in which that departure took place; to wit, the month *Nisan*, then called *Abib*. Josephus says, that "Moses appointed that Nisan should be the first month for their festivals, because he brought them out of Egypt in that month: so that this month began the year as to all solemnities they observed to the honor of God; although they observed the original order of the months, as to selling and buying and other ordinary concerns."† Josephus then being judge, the Hebrews had *two* ways of beginning their year. For all matters of a civil or *secular* nature, they made use of, what they now term their "political" or "civil year;" which commenced about the time of the *autumnal* equinox with the month *Tisri*. And in the calculations of their festivals and other ecclesiastical concerns, they used their "sacred," or "Ecclesiastical year;" which commenced about the time of the *vernal* equinox, with the month *Nisan*.

This notion of two sorts of years, is maintained by the Rabbies of the present day. That it should have been adopted by Prideaux,‡ and other christian writers, may appear somewhat singular, when it is considered that no plausible passage from Holy writ can be adduced in support of it. It does not appear from any part of the old Testament that the ancient mode of beginning the year from the month Tisri, was used after the departure of the Israelites out of Egypt.—Wherever the months are named and numbered, no matter whether for civil or ecclesiastical purposes, they are numbered according to the ecclesiastical year. Examine among other passages, Exod. xiii. 4.—I. Kings vii. 1. viii. 2. Esther viii. 12—ii. 16—iii. 7—viii. 9—Zech. i. 9—vii. 2.

But whether there was a single or doubtful commencement of the ancient Jewish year, it is not of any consequence to us, as sublime freemasons, to enquire into, since we have adopted the ecclesiastical year of the *modern* Jewish Calendar. The fasts and festivals of the Jewish church are connected with this subject, and might here claim our attention. But inasmuch as this essay is designed for freemasons, who as such have nothing to do with these observances, we shall waive any remarks respecting them, and proceed to a description of the Calendar now used by the Jews.

This Calendar was settled by Rabbi Hillel, cir. A. D. 358. He made the ancient Jewish Calendar which consisted altogether of *lunar* months, vie in astronomical accuracy with the Julian Calendar. This last, however, was in the sixteenth century surpassed by the Gregorian Calendar, which (as is well known) is the one now in use among Christians.

*See a w[illegible] of D[illegible]'s "[illegible] Human Reason," p. 37
†London edition 4 vols. quarto 1809.
‡Exodus xii. 1, 2
§Josephus' Antiquities, lib 1 ch. 2. sec. 3.
‖See Prideaux' "Connection," par 1st, preface.

Miscellany.

SINGULAR DISCOVERY OF A YOUNG LADY IN DISGUISE.

On Wednesday evening last, as the turnkeys of the Westminster Bridewell, were searching the male prisoners, as usual, before locking up at night, it was remarked by one turnkey to another that one of the prisoners had a very white neck. This observation led to a somewhat closer examination, the result of which was, that a suspicion was awakened in their minds that the sex of the prisoner was not what had been represented. Mr. Tracey, the governor, was instantly informed of the circumstance, who ordered the party to be conveyed to a seperate cell, and went himself, accompanied by the chief, to question the prisoner.—The governor asked the prisoner's name. The reply was 'George White,' the name under which prisoner had been committed and had been known while in the jail. The governor intimated his suspicions that such was not to the case, when finding that detection was inevitable, the prisoner began to cry, and to acknowledge being a female. Her attire at the time of discovery was the dress usually worn by the male convicts in the prison, and which she had worn ever since her admission to the jail on the 7th inst., seven days previously, during which she had been alternately at wheel labor and picking oakum, being treated in all respects as a male prisoner.

The following morning the governor again paid her a visit, with a view to ascertain, if possible, the cause which led to her assumption of male attire. It was with difficulty that he could elicit replies to his questions. Her conduct was characterised by a propriety of behavior evidently above her apparent station, and she declined at first to answer any queries, but by dint of persuasion and kindness the governor elicited a variety of facts, of which the following may be depended upon as correct:—She admitted that her name of "White" was assumed, and said she was an orphan, and had always lived with her uncle and aunt in Sussex, who are a highly respectable family in that country, but she resolutely declined to mention their names or their residence. They were on terms of intimacy with a family at some distance off, and her uncle's footman was in the habit of conveying her occasionally thither and back, unaccompanied by any of the members of the family. This led to an intimacy between them, which was the cause of her ruin. A short time after the servant suddenly disappeared, and she dreading detection and exposure, formed a resolution to quit her home, in doing which she put on a suit of clothes belonging to her brother, who is at Cambridge studying for the Church, and with a sum of about £11 she secretly quitted her uncle's residence and went to Chichester, about six months since. She remained at a lodging-house some time, and on finding her little stock of money expended, parted with her clothes by the advice of the lodging-house-keeper, and buying a smock-frock, the dress of a common farm laborer in Sussex, she paid the lodging-house-keeper, and leaving Chichester begged her way to London. Her adventures in the metropolis were most extraordinary. Amongst other places she had been employed in the workrooms of the Mendicity Society, and from the 7th to the 15th of March in the workhouse of the Kensington union, where she was eighteen days under medical treatment, all the time being supposed to be a man. She had at times endured the greatest privations, and was ultimately committed from Marlboro'-street police court as a rogue and vagabond, under a sentence of six weeks' confinement and hard labor in the Westminster Bridewell.

Inquiry was made by Mr. Tracey at the work-house of the Kensington union yesterday, and that part of her story is found to be correct. She has been cross-examined repeatedly, but her statement continues to be the same.

On her admission to the Bridewell she passed under the surgeon's inspection, and he actually examined her arms very minutely, suspecting that she had a cutaneous eruption. She is about eighteen years of age, with extremely delicate features, a small hand, and small feet. The turnkeys mentioned the difficulty they had in finding a pair of shoes to fit her, and other minute circumstances, which led them to feel surprised at their own stupidity in not making the discovery sooner. She has been, also, in the large baths at the ordinary times of bathing of the male prisoners, and yet none of them had the least suspicion of her sex.

It has been the general subject of conversation amongst the magistrates during the day, and every means has been adopted which is most likely lead to a discovery of her relations in Sussex. Mr. Tracey has written to several gentlemen in that county, and expects further information every hour.

PISTOL SHOOTING EXTRA.

No little noise and alarm was created in one of our principal hotels early yesterday morning by the loud report of a pistol in one of the passage ways of the third story. Some thought that a suicide had been committed, while others did not know what to think of an occurrence so unusual; but their doubts were soon removed as we shall show.

It seems that one of the Irish waiters attached to the hotel had taken a gentleman's overcoat from his room in order to brush it. Finding a pistol in one of the pockets, he drew it forth to examine it. At this juncture a darkey came into the room, when the Irishman, having no idea that the pistol was loaded, took sight at the sable fellow and exclamed—

"I say, my rowl of blacking, jist straighten yourself like a man—stand still and I'll plug ye as aisy as I'd kiss me hand."

"Wy, wy, look heah, master, said the darkey, rolling his eyes, and turning pale blue from fright—"look heah, master, don't you do dat—don't aim dat pistol dis way. Wha-wha-what for you shoot me?"

"Jist for a bit of divarshun, that's all. Be aisy, I say, and I'll let a streak of daylight through that dark body of yours."

No sooner said than done. Pat took a deliberate aim, pulled the trigger, and off went the pistol with a tremendous report. The ball—for it had a 'blue pill,' in of a large size—just grazed the darkey's side and went smack through the door, but fortunately it did not happen to come in contact with any "sure enough" flesh and blood. It is needless to say that the Irishman was more frightened than any man in the party, and has since declared that he "will not tich one of the desateful things again."—*N. O. Picayune.*

A Yankee in Connecticut has succeeded in making mirrors so perfect, that the image in the glass will answer any question which the looker-in sees proper to ask.

PUNS AND JOKES.

Why is a man with wooden legs like one who has made an even bargain? Because he has nothing to *boot.*

When people assemble, why must they do wrong. Because they *must err* (muster.)

What word contains all the vowels, and in their proper order? Ans. Facetiously and also abstemiously.

What court is a belfry? Ans. Court of appeal, (a peal.)

Why is idleness like the letter C? Ans. It is the beginning of Crime.

Why are the galleries and corridors of a prison like music for the violincello? Because they are *passages for the base.*

Why are Protestants like fleas? Because they are *in-sects.*

What is that which every one knows? The way in which a newspaper *ought* to be conducted.

Impressive Truth.—Human happiness has no perfect security but freedom; freedom none but virtue; virtue none but knowledge; and neither freedom, nor virtue, nor knowledge has any vigor, or immortal hope, except in the principles of the Christian faith, and in the Christian religion.—*Quincy.*

Editors looking up.—The New York Atlas mentions the case of a couple of editors in that city, *looking up*, but it was only to see who threw a basin of dirty water upon their heeds from a third story window.

A novelty.—To see two women pass each other in the street, without each turning round to see what the other had on.

Challenge.—Calling upon a man who has hurt your feelings to give you satisfaction—by shooting you through the body.

The Sunday Mercury says there is something touching—deeply touching and thrilling—and we might even say disagreeable, in the question—"Will you pay this bill, sir?"

Politeness on all occasions.—At a wedding recently, which took place at the altar, when the officiating priest put to the lady the home question, "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" she dropped the prettiest courtesy, and with a modesty which lent her beauty an additional grace, replied, "If you please, sir."

A Professional Touch.—A worthy carpenter the other day, in giving evidence in a case of fraud, said that he *plane-ly saw* the defendant's object was to *chisel* the plaintiff out of his property, &c., and for his part he liked 'fair play and no *gouging!*'

An Apology.—A well dressed young gentleman at a ball, in whisking about the room, run his head against a young lady. He began to apologise. "Not a word sir," cried she, "it is not hard enough to hurt any body."—*Atlas.*

Good Sentiments.—Agriculture is the nursery of patriotism and virtue.

Agriculture, aided by science, will make a little nation a great one.

Science must combine with practice to make a good farmer.

All the energy of the hero, and all the science of the philosopher, may find scope in the cultivation of one farm.

When you indulge in hard thoughts, or harsh expressions against your neighbor, think of your own failings and be moderate.

There are two reasons why we don't trust a man: one is, because we don't know him—the other because we do.

PHRENOLOGY NONPLUSSED.

The New Orleans Picayune gives the following as a fact. Fact or fancy, it might very easily be true:

A well known eccentric comedian once called on a phrenologist in New-York.

"Sir," said the actor, "I have called upon you to get a *character*, you will do me the favor to examine the *caste* of my head."

"Sir, take a seat, and allow me to take your hat," said the polite professor of the then newly broached science.

The phrenologist proceedeed in his examination, and soon detected a remarkable prevalence of prominent organs significent of very flattering qualities.

"Now, sir," said the actor, "I have been an obstinate unbeliever in this new branch of knowledge, but you have read my character so completly that I am henceforth a convert. Will you now, sir, indulge me in a whim, and tell me what is the nature of my pursuit in life?"

It must be mentioned that the comedian was remarkable for a severe and serious character of countenance, contrasting in a peculiar manner with his mirth-provoking appearance on the stage.

"Why sir?" said the professor "to do this is not exactly part of my system, but"——

"Well now you must excuse me, sir; I am odd in my whim sometimes, but I am anxious to be thoroughly convinced regarding this science of phrenology and I should like to be humored upon this point. Here is double the amount of your charge for fingering my pericranium, and I will pay it to you with pleasure if you will do me the favor to name my profession."

After a good deal of hesitation, anxious to pocket the extra cash, the phrenologist ventured to pronounce his visitor a ministerial professor of theology.

"What!" said the actor, with a start of surprise, "are you acquainted with me?"

"No, sir, upon my honor!" replied the professor.

"Do you assure me that you have never seen or heard of me before?" said the comedian, with impressive solemnity.

"Sir, I do, with the most profound sincerity."

"Astonishing!" said the dramatic wag, with a look of pious wonder.

"Stop, sir!" replied the reverend Thespian: "Now will you tell me whether you judge from my serious countenance and the sable plainness of my habiliments, or from the scientific examinations you have made of my natural developement. Sir, as an honest man, I entreat you not to deceive me."

"Why, my dear sir," said the accomplished pupil of Spurzheim, "to be plain with you—excuse me—I knew you were a preacher the instant I laid my hand upon your head!"

"Well, this is decisive," said the actor, with solemn intonation and a look of most extraordinary gravity, rising at the same time, taking his hat, and pushing the double fee before the man of science.

"It is my custom to register the names of prominent individuals who visit my office," said the phrenologist, "and I should esteem it an especial favor to enrol yours among my patrons."

"You see it *there*, sir!" replied the tall, mysterious looking person, "staring you in the face, like the ghost of your defunct second sight!" and as he walked away, he pointed to a play bill at the door, upon which was inscribed in "forty line pica"—"PARK THEATRE—Benefit of SOL. SMITH, on which occasion he will appear in his popular character of *Mawworm!!!*"

THAT HANDKERCHIEF.

Othello was once enacted by a little band of comedians, who were out on a summer stroll, away from the regular theatre to which they belonged. Unfortunately, though the piece was tolerably well cast in the male line, the company was utterly destitute of a Desdemona, for the line of the leading lady was comedy, in which she was attractive and exceedingly clever, besides being entirely too smart to risk her reputation by appearing in any thing like a serious character. So an innocent supernumary girl, not bad looking, but wholly unburdened with the slightest shadow of talent for the stage, and utterly incapable of studying or repeating six lines of blank verse without transposing and confusing words and rhythm into most delectable and incomprehensible disorder, was thrust into the piece to represent the gentle and beautiful heroine, Desdemona.

As it was not expected that the young lady would be able to study the part, she was only directed to speak a line here and there, where it could not possibly be dispensed with, and the rest of poor Desdemona was doomed, for this occasion only to be stricken out.

The play went on very well till the handkerchief scene came round, when the sudden passion and vehemence of Othello frightened the feminine novice almost out of her wits. The actor playing the jealous Moor was a young man of fine genius, and the startling and natural fervor of his acting, which he had not displayed at rehearsal, took the poor girl completely by surprise, causing her to forget even the few stray words she had made herself acquainted with.

After describing the terrible handkerchief which an Egyptian had given to his mother, Othello paused and there stood Desdemona, looking at him with a most ridiculous and terrified stare. Seeing there was no prospect of her speaking, he went on with the next speech, and paused again for the reply. No answer came, and Othello being then in the "very torrent, tempest, and (as we may say) whirlwind of his passion," there was no pausing, and the scene went on as follows: Othello raging, the prompter in an agony, stamping and whispering the words to Desdemono, and the poor girl herself almost paralysed with confusion and alarm.

Oth. Most veritable; therefore look to't well.
Des. ——
Oth. Ha! wherefore? [*Speak for heaven's sake.*]
Des. ——
Oth. Is't lost! is't gone? speak, is it out of the way? [*For God's sake say something.*]
Des. ——
Oth. Say you?
Des. ——
Oth. Ha?
Des. ——
Oth. Fetch't me, let me see it.
Des. ——
Oth. Fetch me that handkerchief; my mind misgives. [*Speak! Speak!*]
Des. ——
Oth. The handkerchief! [*Say something!*]
Des. ——
Oth. The handkerchief! [*Say any thing.*]
Des. ——
Oth. The handkerche-e-eef!!!!]*Damnation.*]

"*It's in the wash, Othello!*" shrieked the terrified girl at last, making a desperate effort to "say something" as Othello requested.

Never was a tragedian so completely knocked off of his tragedy legs and plunged over head and ears in the ludicrous, as was Othello on this occasion. The handkerchief "spotted with strawberrres," and

——"Died in mummy, which the skilful
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts."

was *in the wash!* and there was he foaming and fuming about it in a lofty sublimity of jealous phrensy!—The audience screamed and shouted and jumped upon the benches and screamed again in ecstacies of laughter, and Othello, after struggling a moment to maintain his dignity, went off in a paroxysm himself and led poor Desdemona from the stage, that he might let his laugh loose behind the scenes.—*N. O. Picayune.*

ORIGIN OF JIM CROW.

The New Orleans Picayune states that a few years ago Thomas D. Rice, now the famous negro comedian, was an actor in a western theatre, and though he did some things cleverly, he was particularly remarkable for nothing but being the best dressed man in the company. An original piece was got up, in which Rice was persuaded to do the character of a negro much against his will. He consented under the stipulation that he should have permission to introduce a negro song of his own.

Rice was fond of riding, and frequently visited a stable in town where there was a very droll negro hostler, who used to dance grotesquely and sing old fragments of a song about Jim Crow. Very little difficulty was found in transforming the hostler into a tutor, and in half an hour Rice was master of sympnony melody, and all the steps, words, drollery of the far-famed and irresistible Jim Crow!

The evening for the debut of the new play came on, and never did Kemble or Talma study more intensely over the effects of costume than did Rice in dressing for his negro part on this occasion. He had easily contrived to throw together a few verses with witty local allusions and to heighten the extravagance of the dance to its greatest extent and grotesque absurdity. The play commenced and Rice went on, dragging heavily and lamely—Rice himself failing to stir up the drowsy audience with his clumsily written negro part until the third act, where the song came in.

Utter ruin was lowering ominously over the place, and the actors had already pronounced it a dead failure, when the hithertoo silent and gloomy green room was startled by a tumultuous round of cheers breaking out suddenly in front.

"What can that be?" said the manager, pricking up his ears.

Another verse of the song was sung, with the extravagant dancing accompaniment, and the house shook with still more violent applause.

"What is that?" said the manager. "Who's on the stage?"

"Rice is singing a negro song," was the reply.

"Oh that's it! eh? said the manager, who was a stickler for "the legitimate," and concluded that an audience which could applaud such a thing would be just as likely to hiss it the next moment.

The play was announced again, but after two or three repetitions it was all the audience wanted, and so Jim Crow, emerged triumphant from the ashes of a dammed play, to delight Europe and America with—

"Turn about, an' wheel about
An' do just so,
An' eb'ry time I wheel about
I jump Jim Crow!

A-hea-heah-whoo!

Rice soon found his way to New-York, and Hamblin was not long in snapping up the new card, which he made tell to as handsome a tune as any other that the great caterer ever played upon the Bowery boards.

THE ART OF PRINTING.

The establishment of Messrs. Clowes, in London, is upon a gigantic scale, and is perhaps the best adapted of any in the world to illustrate the present improved condition of the art of printing. It is like a vast reservoir on a hill, from whence issues refreshing streams running in every direction, and diffusing liveliness to the fields of intellectual culture, imparting new verdure to the grass and brighter hues to the flowers. Connected with this establishment is a type foundry and also a foundry for casting stereotype plates.

So extensive are the arrangements of the proprietors that they can supply the compositors with a stream of new type, flowing upon them at the rate of 50,000 per day. By means of this abundant store of material, Messrs. Clowes are enabled to keep type in 'forms,' until proof can be returned corrected from the East or West Indies. They are at present engaged in printing a work regularly published in England every month, the proof sheets of which are sent by steamers to be corrected by the author in America. The stereotype plates, belonging to the establishment amount to the aggregate weight of 2,000 tons, and cost the proprietors £200,000. The supply of white paper kept in store averages about 7,000 reams; the amount of paper printed every week and delivered for publication is about 1 500 reams, of 500 sheets each. The ink used in the same space of time amounts to 1,200 lbs. The cost of the paper is estimated at £100,000 sterling annually.

In this gigantic establishment machinery of course is used in all the modes which art has yet invented, in application to printing. There are nineteen steam presses, each capable of printing 1,000 sheets per hour. By two revolutions of the engine a sheet of paper, with the assistance of two boys, is printed on both sides.—These engines are kept regularly at work from eight in the morning until eight in the evening, with one hours intermission. What a mass of intellectual pabulum is here thrown out to supply the mental wants of the public!

THE LEGENDARY.

From the Knickerbocker.

THE BLACK BARON.

In a certain province of Germany, north of the Mayn, there formerly dwelt a son of the house of Osnabruck, known by his serfs and vassals at the Black Baron; a name probably derived from the dark character of their feudal lord, and certainly one which had more meaning than his true title, Baron Von Gliffen.

Some of the old traditions concerning the pedigree of the Baron are still extant; and though all of them concur in making him the offspring of the most beautiful woman conceivable, few seemed inclined to allow him a father. Such miraculous occurrences as spontaneous production were too common in those times to excite particular attention: tradition is fraught with instances of the kind; and all will admit, from the following account of his life and character, that Baron Von Gliffin was as substantial flesh and blood as if he had a dozen fathers.

Throughout Germany there was neither lord nor plebeian could cope with the Baron in drinking hock or Heidenmaur, smoking, eating, or any thing requiring extraordinary alimentary prowess. Among the most distinguished of his table-cronies, were Baron Schwartenberg, a miracle at despatching roast beef and tossing hock; Herr Von Twitter, a prodigy; Corporal Thwack, a sort of hyeda; Hyman Der Vheiber, a bottomless pit; Snyder Hans-Globbin, an elastic rum pipe; Herr Cartouchea, a mammoth sponge; but it was sagely hinted that Baron Von Gliffen was someway akin to the Great Receptacle, or Ditch of Mundus, into which the Romans used to throw a little of every thing, not forgetting the necessaries of life.

In his less serious occupations, the Baron was equally famous. None could hunt with greater success; none could bring to battle a nobler array of followers; and none needed partisans more than the Black Baron for his feuds were universal; his person the terror of the weak, and the scorn of the strong; nor was it in those times considered disgraceful to make depredations on neighboring barons, to kill their cattle, maltreat their vrouws, and occasionally carry off their daughters and take them to wife, in default of a suitable ransom.

In a predatory excursion of this kind, Baron Von Gliffen vanquished the forces of one Weldimar, a nobleman of high degree; and with his followers, entered the castle of the conquerad, to take possession of the booty. Whether rumor had bruited abroad something concerning a certain jewel belonging to the Baron Weldimar, or whether led by instinct, it matters little; but while his followers were ransacking every other valuable about the castle, Baron Von Gliffen had found his way to the chamber in which the treasure was concealed, and was paying his devoirs to Cristella, the jewel itself, the diamond of beauty! Cristella refused to fly; the Baron persisted, prayed threatened—carried her off! As a matter of courtesy, he demanded an immense ransom for her release.—Weldimar was unable to pay; the Baron protested he would not 'bate a jot; Weldimar swore his whole estates, cattle and all, would not make up the amount; and Cristella became the wife of Baron Von Gliffen.

By this union there sprang an heir to the Osnabruck barrony, whom they Christened Von Redder, a name contracted from Red-Heir; the most prominent peculiarity about the child. This flaming omen presented fine work for the astrologers, necromances, and others versed in occult sciences. Herr Twaddle, the greatest metaphysician and most famous necromancer in Germany, being present at the birth of Von Redder, took the child in his arms, described divers hieroglyphics in the air, muttered incantation to the dark spirits, and pronounced with becoming gravity the doom of his subject. Much good was skilfully mixed with the evil; but on the whole the young prodigy was certainly born for deeds of blood, as was evident from the sanguinary color of his hair. Der Fuddle, another sage in necromacy, was called upon to predict the fortunes and misfortunes of the heir. This miracle of profundity began exactly opposite to his compeer. He took the child by the heels, and swore, from the lines on the soles of the feet, that nothing more certain than eternal happiness to the successor of Baron Von Gliffen; a prediction ill-naturedly accounted for by Herr Twaddle, whose prognostications of evil were scantily paid for, and abundantly doubted A host of others, deeply skilled in these matters, predicted divers destinies, according to the quality of gold upon which their efforts were based; those who obtained nothing, of course read ominous things in the stars; and those who received kicks and cuffs, produced incontestible evidence that the heir was designed for eternal perdition.

Dark and incontinent as was the character of Baron Von Gliffen, his own bade fair, from the cradle upward, to excel him in blackness of heart, thirst for distinction in crime, and in all the wild and reckless exploits of a monster in the age of barbarism; so that when Von Redder had attained his twentieth year, he was as finished a vagabond as his father could wish.—Highway depredations were his favorite amusements; feuds and bloodshed his delight; heresy, rape, and schism, things to boast of, and laugh at; midnight carousals his gentler occupations; and open depravity his characteristic trait. This prodigal course of life caused repeated demands on the purse of the old Baron, whose own extravagance had nearly drained it. The hopeful son would take no refusal. The Baron stormed, the heir repeated his demands. Baron Von Gliffen sternly refused to support his extravagance; and for several years this sort of wrangling and contention between them was the topic of the country. Cristella, under the brutal treatment of Von Gliffen, and the unnatural and depraved conduct of her son, pined away, till death released her from their influence.—Indifferent as the Baron was, during her life, he deeply felt this stroke; and to drown remorse, doubled his potations, and hunted more than ever. The chase, to be sure, was merely a softened name for predatory excursions and highway robberies; but where custom and the laws of the land countenanced the term, it mattered little about the meaning.

In one of these peregrinations, Baron Von Gliffen, accompanied by his band of stout henchmen, made a descent upon the Castle of Stockenberg, then the strong hold of a nobleman renowned for his wealth and prowess. The defender of gold made a gallant resistance; the Baron, at the head of a chosen corps, rushed onward; a terrible battle ensued: fortune seemed to declare at one moment in favor of the besieged, at another of the besiegers; when at length the Baron was driven back, and the lord of Stokenberg shouted victory. While this cry still rang in the air, a gigantic follower of the Baron, named Melifleur, made a sudden and desperate rally; one and all the besiegers rushed to battle; and overpowered by skill and force, the noble foe yielded to the conquerors, whose armor, shattered in strife, dripped with the blood of the slain. This victory was gained by the ferocious valor of Melifleur, who, less blood-thirsty than avaricious, claimed the greater part of the booty. Enraged at his insolence, the Baron struck him in the face: Melifleur, writhing with pain and rage, swore he would have a sure and terrible revenge.

Two months passed away, and Baron Von Gliffen suddenly disappeared. As it was doubted by none that he had been murdered, or slain in single combat by the giant henchman, the strictest search was made for his body, but without success. No clue could be discovered to its mysterious disappearance. None was more active in the search, and no one more grievously shocked at the death of the Baron, than Von Redder, to whom the estates and title of the deceased passed without a murmur. Melfleur underwent a rigorous examination. His threats in the presence of the Baron's henchmen, his confusion and perturbation at the charge, and the evidence of certain witnesses abduced by the young Baron, convicted him to the satisfaction of all; and without farther ceremony, he was swung up on one of the castle turrets, where his bones bleached and rattled for many a day, as a warning to the evil minded in the service of the living Baron.

* * * * * * *

Twenty years had been measured from the lawless and criminal career of the heir of Osnabruck, and the death of the Black Baron ceased to be thought of, and even remembered, by many who had acted conspicuous parts in the search and trial. Preparations for an evening of joy and festivity going on in the castle, evinced that the occasion was one of unusual importance, since the gloomy Von Redder seldom indulged in any thing so congenial to the taste of his dependents. In fact, the Baron had wooed and won the most beautiful heiress in the province, and this festival was in honor of his marriage. However limited was the number of his sincere friends, he had many who were no wise backward in proffering their company and services on occasions of this sort; and the castle was soon crowned with noble rakes, prodigal sons, ruined barons, ladies of high fame, though not inaccessible virtue, and dependants of every description, from self-styled relatives to henchmen and vassals. In due time the guests were ushered into the largest hall in the castle in which a banquet table extended from end to end. At the head presided Baron Von Redder, beside the most exquisite bride imaginable, and ranged in due order, according to their various rank and degree, sat the merry company.

Immence dishes of lamb, beef, fatted sheep, and other savory solids, the appetites of those who did such wonderful execution. At length came the wines to the great satisfaction of others inclined to prowess in toping. The rejoicings were great; the noise and revelry loud. Even the gloomy Von Redder became facetious; he laughed for effect, and uttered some execrable jokes, which of course received universal applause. The fair bride was pensive and happy; for she knew little of the character of her lord, and that little was of his better traits. He was now in the prime of life: his person, though somewhat ruffianly, was fine and commanding; his eye was keen for conquest; his smile affable; his countenance manly; his bravery undoubted; and such qualifications were sufficient, in the days chivalry and romance, to make up for many deficiencies in the moral deportment. In the fulness of his heart, the Baron pledged his bride, responded to the toast with admirable grace. The conversation then turned on the excellence of the wine.

'To me,' said the Baron, 'it has a peculiar richness in the flavor: how dost *thou* like it, fair Ismena?'

'O, 'tis admirable!—so sparkling and pugent!'

'No doubt, my lady, it has many virtues,' chimed in the old seneschal; 'for, according to the best of my recollection, it is this night twenty years old.'

'How!—whence came it!' demanded Von Gliffen.

'*From the Black Hogshead!*' replied the seneschal.

'Damnation!' cried the Baron, starting from his seat.

'Yes my lord; but you turn pale—you tremble—you are ill!'

'Merciful God! what have I done! Nay I meant nothing. . . . . I had a slight pain. . . . . It is all over.

The guests turned pale, and stared. The bride sickened at the thoughts that whirled through her brain; all became convinced that there was a mystery in the words of the Baron. His brow grew dark as the storm-cloud; his lips quivered; his cheeks blanched to an ashy hue; and he darted a suspicious eye on the guests. In a loud and angry voice he demanded, 'What means this confusion!' None dared to answer; the haughty Von Redder sat down, and mysterious whispers, and shakes of the head, were all they tho't proper to display. Annoyed and alarmed at the general commotion, the Baron darted a scowl at the seneschal, and left the room. The ancient retainer quickly acquired the use of his tongue, and entranced the company, in spite of the silent threat of the Baron, with an ominous account of the dark and bloody end of Baron Von Gliffen.

'Twenty years ago,' continued the venerable seneschal, 'a henchman of the Black Baron was hanged for this mysterious murder. I had my own suspicions concerning the matter; but as they were without any certain foundation, I kept them to myself. Immediately after the disappearance of the unfortunate man, the heir, our present Baron, brought me to the wine-vault, where snugly stored was a stock of wine, in which Bacchus himself might rejoice, for you must know the deceased baron was a reputed toper; and assuming a countenance so dark and lowering that I shall never forget it, he pointed to a black hogshead, in a remote corner of the vault, and said; '*As you value your life, never draw from that hogshead!*' This caution had a great impression on my mind, but I knew too well the determined character of the Baron, to incur any penalty by my curiosity; and I never

touched the forbidden wine until this day. I found myself growing old; I knew my thread of life would soon be severed; and this. together with the harassing thought that I was accessary to some mysterious crime induced me to try an experiment, which would either be my ruin or my salvation. I drew the wine, and managed to place it before the Baron, my master.—The effect you have all seen. I solemnly believe there is a double-dark deed in the affair; and as men and Christians, I beseech you to follow me!'

Many of the guests shrank back at the proposal; but others, more courageous, followed the seneschal, who led the way through passages and dark chambers, to a flight of stairs, leading to the wine-vault. Having procured a torch, they descended the dim and gloomy recess. The wall was black, and covered with slime and moss; the air dank and chilly; and the hollow sounds of the vaults caused the stoutest hearts to quail. Passing on through several subterranean chambers, the seneschal led the way to a capacious cell, stored to the ceiling with casks and tuns of wine. In the gloomiest corner stood a black hogshead, exactly as he had described. Beside it lay an axe, with which after infinite labor, the hogshead was broken open.

A cry of horror burst from the group. In the bloody wine lay the remains of the Black Baron! His scull was shattered, his limbs frightfully mutilated, his body stabbed and gashed in several places, and the whole bearing evidence of a horrible death. A groan was heard among the by-standers: it was the voice of Baron Von Redder, the bridegroom and the parricide.

'Monster!' cried the guests, 'you have foully wronged the henchman! You are the murderer.—*You have shed, you have drunk your father's blood!*'

The man of guilt staggered back, stupified with horror.

'Seize him!' shouted the seneschal; 'seize him!'

Baron Von Redder was secured. The avengers bore him to the top of the castle, where still swung the mouldering skeleton of the henchman. In the summary manner of the time, he was bound to the skeleton, and cast over the turret: and to and fro swung the dying and the dead. The wind whistled mournfully against the chains; the clouds seemed to gather at the moment; and ere the executioner had left the walls, a raven was tearing the flesh from the dead Baron of Osnabruck.

* * * * *

Many a dark legend is still extant, relative to the fate of the bride. The favorite one is to this effect: when the Baron retired from the banquet, she also left the room, and sought the solicitude of her chamber. Night closed in. Weeping and sad, she flung herself on a couch, where sleep soon relieved her of her terrors. At midnight a rustling noise and a clanking of chains awoke her. With a cry of horror, she started from the couch. Before her stood the Baron, his face blanched and gory, his eyes sunk, his step uneven, and his person was wasted to a shadow. In a voice too sephulcral and unearthly for life, he demanded a fulfilment of the marriage rites. The bride, horror-striken, endeavored to elude his clammy grasp: a curse and a shriek rang throngout the castle; and when morning dawned, the retainers beheld, still swinging by the skeleton henchman, the corpse of the Baron; and repairing to the bridal chamber, a sight equally horrible met their eyes. On the floor lay the widowed bride, weltering in blood; full soon to be a thing

'Wh re co'd Obl v on, 'mid the ruin laid,
Folds his dark wing b neath the v vh de.'

Died of a Broken Heart.—A young girl, a German, lately died at Baltimore under circumstances deeply affecting. She was engaged to be married to a young man of Philadelphia, who for reasons best known to himself, communicated to her some time since his intention of abandoning her. On receiving this information, she became the child of sorrow and despair for ten days, when reason left its seat, and she became an awful maniac, unceasingly calling on her lover to "come to her." On the evening of her death she ordered her "wedding garment to be prepared," saying that she "wished to be dressed in white," and that she 'was to be married at ten o'clock," the precise time of her departure to a world of spirits!

THE GATHERER.

TYPE STICKERS.

We casually mentioned a day or two ago, that the newly elected mayor of Baltimore was a short time since a journeyman printer. The instances are not rare in which those bred to the profession of printing, have become distinguished and honored.

To say nothing of Franklin, the beacon light of the craft, we have in our day more than one instance of this honorable distinction. Isaac Hill, the governor of New Hampshire, was a journeyman printer; Samuel T. Armstrong, late mayor of this city, was once a journeyman printer; Mr. Knapp, the Secretary of the State of Vermont, was a printer. And what is of more consequence in the editorial profession, some of the most distinguished were regularly bred in the craft.—Our neighbor Green, the popular editor of the Morning Post, was once a ragged little roller boy. Mr. Homer, of the Gazette, was brought up on Pica and Brevier. We recolect many years since of seeing a little tow-headed overgrown boy, in an obscure printing office in Vermont. That boy is now Mr. Greeley the talented editor of the New Yorker. Of equally obscure origin was the editor of the New York Spirit of the Times, Mr. Wm. T. Porter.

The first we ever saw of Deacon Weld, the editor of the N. Y. Sun, and a clever writer for various magazines, &c., was in a printing office in Lowell, when he was no higher in grade than a 'printer's devil.' The truth is, if a man has genius, the art of printing will draw it out and set it to work. Printers, with the same amount of natural talent, always make the most popular editors, because they imbibe the tact of the profession. Schooled among 'types and shadows,' they have every opportunity of studying public taste, and of diverting their minds so as to meet the various readers. The discipline of their minds may not be so severe and rigid as that required for eminence in the legal profession; but this is a peculiarity which the great mass of the people care nothing about, and it is unfavorable to the free interchange of mind with mind. Tact, give us editorial tact. In our profession it is every thing.—*Boston Post.*

Woman.—Perhaps one of the most indispensable and endearing qualifications of the feminine character, is an amiable temper. Cold and callous must be the man who does not prize the meek and gentle spirit of a confiding woman. Her lips may not be sculptured in the line of perfect beauty, her eye may not roll in dazzling splendor, but if the native smile be ever ready to welcome, and the glance frought with clinging devotion or shrinking sensibility, she must be prized far above gold or rubies. A few moments of enduring silence would often prevent years of discord and unhappiness, but the keen retort and waspish argument too often break the chain of affection, link by link, and leave the heart with no tie to hold it but a cold and frigid duty.

A Busy Fellow.—The editor of the Yazoo City Whig says that one week he had to attend to divers and sundry matters, to wit:

Attending to the practical business of the office and editorial department—furnishing divers persons with exchange newspapers—nursing wife and family, owing to sickness---carrying mortar to the mason building our cistern---working in the garden---going after cow and calf---chopping and hauling fire-wood---feeding horses and hogs---hunting hen's eggs---sweeping out the church---endeavoring to collect any pay debts, &c. &c.; in fact, being editor, proprietor, housekeeper and devil.

What Next?—A man in Pittsfield, Mass. advertises 'a slate pencil lost.' Another one for 'fifteen girls with active jaws to chéw rags at the paper mill.' We know a girl in this city who would make an excellent hand at chewing rags; she is *all jaw.*

Industry.—The time was when industry was fashionable, and none were ashamed to practice it; but they have changed—fashion rules the world, and labor has nearly gone out of fashion with those who can live without it; and until a reform is had, we may bid farewell to many a comfort we might otherwise enjoy.

A CONVENIENT MEMORY.

A popular jockey was called on one morning by a negro man, who was mounted on a fine looking horse, and with whom a conversation something like the following ensued.

"Good morning, Massa Sharp: My massa sent me to sell dis horse, cause he so bad massa don't want to keep him."

"What are the faults of the horse?"

"O he got good many very bad faults,—dre'ful bad faults."

"What is one of them; the principle one?"

"Well then, Massa Sharp, you see dis horse all ober white; and when massa ride him, the white hairs all stick to massa's new black coat, spoils massa's new coat!"

"Well, that is rather a bad fault to be sure; but has the horse no other faults?"

"O yes massa; horse three very bad faults two others besides dat one."

"What is another of the faults you speak of?"

"Why den massa I'll tell you all about it. When I rides dis horse to water, he souse he nose down in de water, and wet massa's new bridle."

"Well what else?"

"Toder fault massa, dat todder one fault—ah,—me can't tink on em; very bad fault but,—me can't tink on em."

"And what price do you ask for the horse?"

"O not much; he so very bad,—only ask one hundred dollars; and massa say, if can't get dat,—may take seventy-five."

"I'll give you sixty dollars for him."

"O no; couldn't take less den seventy-five dollars, and don't mean to take dat."

With that the fellow turned his horse as if to ride off, but the jockey called out to him "here, stop; stop I'll take him at seventy-five?"

"Well hand out de money quick den, cause mus be off."

Seventy-five dollars in new bank notes, were soon tendered, and which the negro with much apparent reluctance received, before he would give up his seat on the horse. The bridle was changed, and the jockey much elated, mounted his new acquisition to ride into the stable door; but before he had fairly considered the propriety of fetching up by means of the reins, the horse struck his head with some violence against the stable walls. The jockey, looking over his shoulder, and seeing Sambo industriously walking away, he called out. "Here you black son of a possom! this horse is stark blind?"

"O law, massa," drawled Sambo, "dat ere toder one fault me couldn't tink of?"—*N. Y. Mechanic.*

Various are the anecdotes on record of the humor of Irish post boys, but we question if any of them are more characteristic than the following incident.—While in Ireland last summer, two gentlemen hired a car from Belfast to go by the hill road. A little after they had reached the rising ground, and while absorbed in admiration of the extensive and picturesque scenery, they scarcely perceived that the driver had pulled up the horse, till he came round and opened the car-door, and immediately shut it with a loud bang. On being asked, in rather a surly tone, the meaning of his conduct, he held up his hands as if to command silence, and repeating in a half whisper. "Hold your tongues, yer honors; I'm making Paddy believe you're out, a walking up the hill, for the devil a foot he'd go farther this blessed day, did he know that yer honors were sitting at yer aise, an' himself pullin' the legs off of him up this tarnation hill.

Dropping.—A gentleman having been hanged, a stranger asked his wife of what distemper her poor husband died. "He took a *drop* too much," said she.

"Too Slow."—A worthy man died, leaving a rich and beautiful widow; the clergyman of the parish, a widower, accompanied her home from the grave and spoke in condoling tones of the loss she was bewailing. The clergyman being a kind and tender-hearted man, told her, by way of consolation, that her loss was not irreparable, and intimated to her, in terms not to be misunderstood, that he should be happy at a proper time to marry her. To which the widow replied, "Oh, my dear sir, you are too late; the deacon spoke to me at the grave."

SISTER NANCE AND THE AGUE.—We were travelling not long since in Illinois, and called at a house near the road-side to solicit a drink of water, when the following conversation occurred:

'Well, my boy, how long have you lived here?'

'I don't know, sir, but mother says ever since I was born.'

'Have you any brothers or sisters?'

'Yes, a few.'

'How many?'

'Ten or 'leven, I reckon.'

'Pretty healthy here, isn't it?'

'Yes, but sometimes we have a little ager.'

'Any of you got it now?'

'Yes, a few on us goin' to have the shakes this afternoon.'

'How many?'

'Why, all on us, except sister Nance; and she's sich a darnation cross critter, the ager won't take on her; and if it did, she is so cussed contrary she won't shake, no how you can fix her!'

Premature Interment.—A lamentable instance of premature interment is mentioned by the Agram Gazette. Several years ago an inhabitant of Beregh, in Croata, died, as was believed, and 24 hours afterwards deposited in the family tomb. Lately his brother departed this life, and his body was taken to the same receptacle. On re-opening the vault, the coffin of the prior was found empty, and the remains it ought to have contained were lying near its mouth in a position which left no doubt that life had returned after the unhappy man had used powerful, but vain exertions to effect his emancipation.

An Irishman's Plea.—"Are you guilty or not guilty?" said the clerk of the arraigns to a prisoner.—"An' sure now," said Pat, "what are you put there but to find that out?"

LADIES TOO MUCH FOR LAWYERS.—An intelligent female witness having been much perplexed by a barrister in a long *cross*-examination, happened in replying to use the term *humbug*. "Madam," said the man of law, "you must not talk unintelligibly; what is the court and jury to understand by the word *humbug?*" The lady hesitated. "I must insist madam," said the barrister anticipating victory, that you proceed no further until you state plainly and openly, what you mean by a humbug." "Why then, sir," returned the lady "I don't know how better to explain my meaning than by saying, if I met a company of persons who were *strangers to you*, and should tell them that when they saw you they might prepare to meet a remarkably handsome, genteel, agreeable looking man—*that would be a humbug.*"

DYING RICH.

The following lines from the United States Gazette, have the eloquence of truth to recommend them:

"An active business man is a rational man, and a great blessing to the community. He keeps in gratifying exercise the talents which God has given him, which, of itself, is a blessing to him. He gives employment to the hands of industry, which is far better than giving alms to the unemployed. These are the legitimate and rational end of active business pursuits and wealthy-getting—the gratification of the active powers and the promotion of industry. But their desire of growing rich, is one of the most foolish intentions which ever entered the heart of foolish man. Experience has fully and emphatically taught the lesson that much wealth left to heirs, is eight times out of ten, not a blessing but a curse. Its expectation beguiles and spoils all the manly powers—its possession leads his mis-judgment, excess, and finally, exhaustion and ruin. The time will yet come, when men of wealth will be wise enough to make a gradual disposition of their property while living—not prospective, but operative—thereby have an eye to the use which is made of it, and participate in the greatest enjoyment that wealth is capable of giving, that of seeing it do good to others. They will discard the foolish aspiration of dying rich, with the almost certain reflection that their heirs, sooner or later, will die rich!

PRETTY GOOD.

Last night when the congregation of one of the churches were leaving the house of worship it commenced raining. A lady said to the gentleman who accompanied her and her sister. "Why, it rains—send and get an umbrella." "Why, my dear," said the gentleman, "you are neither sugar nor salt, and rain will not hurt you." "No," said the lady, "but we are *lasses.*"

On Monday morning, a bill was posted on a shop door of Duke street, Lincoln's Inn fields with the following written thereon: "We have shut up the shop. We have all gone to take a holiday. Go thou and do likewise."

An eccentric banker was eyeing with suspicious vision a bill presented to him for discount. "You need not fear," said the palpitating customer; "one of the parties keeps his carriage." "Ay," rejoined the banker; I shall be be glad if he keeps his feet."

HEROISM.—The following trait of heroism in a Greek female is from the pen of a correspondent in the Levant:—"A young woman of Missolonghi and her brother quitted that place, and, fighting their way through the ranks of the Turks succeeded in reaching the mountains. Upon arriving there, the young man, overwhelmed by the effort and the weight of his arms, sunk down, and could go no further. At that moment a Turkish horseman came up, with his sabre in his hand. The young woman seized her brother's pistol, shot the Turk, took his horse, and, after assisting her brother to mount it, convey him to Solona. From thence she went to Napoli Romania to sell the horse in order to buy food and medicine for her brother.

SOMETHING ORIGINAL.

Campbell, the poet, lately received a request from a young lady to write something "original" in her album—he answered as follows:

An original something, dear maid, you would win me
To write, but how shall I begin?
For I'm sure I have nothing original in me,
Excepting Original Sin.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER

Albany, Saturday, June 5, 1841.

☞ The Hon. BATES COOKE, ex-Comptroller of the State, died at his residence in Lewiston, on Sunday the 30th ult. The Buffalo Daily Journal says:—"Mr. Cooke had suffered from ill health for many months; and last winter in consequence of continued indisposition, which rendered relaxation from his arduous duties absolutely necessary, he resigned the office of Comptroller of the State. It was too late.—The hopes and expectations of his friends, who trusted that a return to his home and the absence of official cares would restore him to health and usefulness, have been painfully disappointed. He literally fell a martyr in the service of the State. Mr. Cooke was a good upright man in all the relations of life, whethe public or private, and his death will be sincerely lamented throughout the State."

ABOLITIONISM.—The "abolition excitement" which has for several years prevailed throughout our country, and more particularly in the non slaveholding states, seems to have considerably abated; and those who were formerly so zealous in the advocacy of the principles of unconditional and immediate emancipation, seem in some measure to have relaxed their efforts and withdrawn their arguments as if they were becoming convinced of the impracticability of the scheme of "*immediate abolition.*" However this may be, we opine that the sudden liberation of the negroes from bondage, in their present extremely illiterate and degraded condition, and their immediate elevation to the unrestricted enjoyment of the privileges and immunities exercised by the white population (without and preliminary measures being taken to prepare them for the sudden change)—would be productive of any thing but beneficial results, either to the whites or the blacks. The conduct of the negroes recently emancipated in the British W. Indies, furnishes abundant evidence of the truth of this assertion.

It is singular and unaccountable, that those very "philauthropic" individuals who profess so great a friendship for "Afric's sable sons," and so great a desire for their improvement and elevation, should be so strenuous in their opposition to the colonization of the already free blacks, in Liberia—a place provided for their reception on the coast of Africa. Those few who have already emigrated, have returned most satisfactory accounts of their improvement, and the local advantages of the place; and this is a conclusive demonstration of the practicability of the *general emigration* of the free black population to that colony, where, if they in reality possess the qualifications necessary for their advancement, they may enjoy the full benefits to be derived therefrom, without being impeded in their progress by that *prejudice*, which (as their friends, the abolitionists, have alleged) is all that now prevents their rising, in morals and intellect, to an equality with the whites.

BURNING OF THE NATIONAL THEATRE.—This splendid edifice was entirely destroyed by fire on Sunday morning last, the 30th ult. Previous to the breaking out of the fire, a person employed in the establishment, in the capacity of lamp-lighter, made some expressions and remarks, which afterwards tended to fix suspicion upon him, of being the incendiary; and he is now in custody, undergoing an examination. Should he be pronounced guilty, his punishment will undoubtedly be heavy, as, by the conflagration, the life of a female residing in an adjoining tenement was lost, by the falling in of the roof.

GOOD.—We recommend the following to the attention of our readers:—Non-conductors of newspapers, who talk so wisely about the manner in which they ought to be conducted, might possibly find it to their advantage to treasure up in their memory the words following:—"No one understands how a newspaper should be conducted so well as some modest individuals who never managed a paper in all their lives.—They understand all about it."

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.—This important document arrived in this city on Wednesday afternoon, about 5 o'clock, and was soon issued in extra sheets by the respective daily papers. We have given it but a hasty perusal, and our time will not at present admit of a more extended notice of the views entertained, or the subjects embraced.

THEATRE.—We perceive that RICE, the popular and inimitable delineator of Ethiopian characters, has been engaged here during the past week. Other eminent performers are shortly to appear, among whom is the great national tragedian, EDWIN FORREST.

Mr. Rice takes a benefit this (Saturday) evening.

From Fayal advices have been received to the 17th April—up to which time nothing had been heard there of the President.

The Halifax Gazette states that Sir John and Lady Harvey, with their suites, have taken passage in the Britannia.

THE WRONG MAN.—The man arrested at St. Louis, charged with the recent forgeries in New York, and other cities, has obtained a hearing and after examination set at liberty—there being no satisfactory evidence against him. It is believed he is not the man.

The jury in the Elridge case are still out. They stand eight for acquittal, and four for conviction.

The Caledonia left Boston, on Tuesday at 2 o'clock P. M. with 101 passengers, 18 of whom will stop at Halifax. She carries out 10.200 letters, and five bags full of newspapers.

THE PRESIDENT STEAMSHIP.—The news by the brig Harbinger which arrived at Boston, on Saturday morning last, from Fayal, brings no tidings of this ill-fated vessel from that place, up to the time she sailed, which was on the 11th of May.

☞ The beautiful poetical selection of T. T. shall appear in our next.

Intelligence.

Death by Lightning.—Mrs. Polly Chapin, wife of Mr. Zebulon Chapin, of Simisbury (Ct.) was instantly killed by lightning on Tuesday last. She was alone in the house at the time. Her age was about thirty-seven.

During the same storm a tree was struck in the yard of Deacon William Mather, and his fence broken down.

Providential Escape.—During the thunder shower on Saturday evening last, the house of Mr. Jacob Morey, in Upper Mt. Bet el, Pa. was stuck by lightning. There were five children in at the time, who prostrated by the stroke but did not receive any serious injury, having all recovered from the shock and are as well as usual. One of them has some slight marks remaining on one arm.—*Balt. American.*

Driver killed.—Edward Crane, a driver for the Albany and Buffalo Towing company, was killed at Palmyra, on the 21st inst. by the horses running away. while towing the boat George A. Avery, and throwing him against the bank of the canal, with such violence as to fracture his scull.

A dreadful Suicide.—A man committed suicide at the Alms House, in Roxbury, on Monday last, by running a broom stick down his throat ten inches, and died shortly afterwards from its effects. He was a foreigner, and partially deranged.

The Death of a Judge.—The New Orleans papers announce the death on the 19th inst. of the Hon. Philip K. Lawrence, Judge of the U. S. District Court for the Eastern Dictrict of Lousiana.

According to the late census there is but *one person* in the State of Mass. who is a native, who cannot read and write.

Young Semmes, charged with the murder of Prof. Davis, it is said, is sinking into a consumption, and doubts are entertained whether he will ever be brought to trial. His trial was postponed a few days owing to his indisposition.

Fatal Accident.—On Thursday last, Mr. John B. Landis, son of Christian Landis, (distiller) of Derry, Pa., was killed in an awful and sudden manner. Riding along in company with a friend, they were induced to try the relative speed of their horses, when the stirrup strap of Mr. Landis gave way, and he was precipitated to the earth, striking his head against a tree with such force as to crush his skull.

Robbery.—A lady of wealth, who has apartments at Jone's Hotel in Chestnut street, Philadelphia, was robbed on Thursday afternoon of jewelry and *bijouterie*, amounting to upwards of $3000. Two of the servants employed in the hotel, were arrested on suspicion, and underwent an examination by the Recorder. They were, however, discharged for want of evidence.

Accident.—On Saturday last, a young man by the name of Lindsey, belonging in Chester while riding with two others on the rail road, in one of the small cars propelled by hand, suddenly lost his balance, and falling over the front side of the car across the track, the wheels passed directly across his breast, inflicting an injury on which he has since died.—*Springfield Gazette.*

Escape and Re-capture of Murdock.—Bartley M. Murdock, whose arrest we mentioned some weeks since, escaped from Talbotton Jail, on Wednesday 12th, about one hour before day. He was confined in the lower story, in company with a negro, and both escaped. Dogs were put on their track, and the negro was soon recaptured. They then commenced a search for Murdock, and found him about 9 o'clock, in a swamp near the court house. He was carried to Harris co. jail, where he was strictly guarded. It is now ascertained that it was Mr. Thurnod of this place who was murdered, and clearly evident Murdock killed him.—*Athens, (Geo.) Waig.*

On Thursday last, 13th inst., Mr. Thomas Livingston, (a partner or clerk of Mr. Newsome of Jeff.-co., as appeared from papers found near his body,) was murdered about two miles and a half east of the Ocilla ferry, on the St. Augustine road, at or near the river Styx. His body was discovered by Maj. Wilson, 3d Infantry, who was returning with an escort from Fort Gamble to Fort Pleasant. He appeared to have been shot through the left breast. His body was lying in the road—his clothing had been taken off, and his eyes plucked out. His horse was found a few hundred yards off, lying dead. Maj. Wilson immediately despatched a party to inter the body, and others from Forts Pleasant and Gamble, in pursuit of the Indians, who in all human probability, have committed this act.—*Tallahasse Sen.*

Miniature Carriage for the Princess Royal.—A most elegant little carriage is now building and nearly completed, for the use of the Princess, to enable the Princess to take occasional airings with her Majesty through the walks in the gardens of Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle. It is a most tasteful little affair, the body resting within a few inches of the ground, and admirably adapted to the purposes for which it will be required. A pair of beeutiful Shetland ponies, in perfect keeping as to size with the carriage, have been presented to the Queen, and the whole "turn out" will be attractive novelty. The ponies are so exceedingly tractable and docile, that it may be said even a child might drive them. It is expected that this Lilliputian affair will be used for the first time upon the arrival of the Court at Windsor, at Easter.—*London paper.*

Married.

On Saturday last, by the Rev. Mr. Kissam, Mr. John P. Long, of Bethlehem, to Miss Eve Keelen, of New-Scotland.

On the 9th April, by the Rev. Dr. Welch, Mr. John A. Sickles, to Miss Deborah A. Salvadge, all of this city.

In New York, 29th ult., by the Rev. Dr. Eastburn, Alex. H. Stevens, M. D. to Phœbe Coles, daughter of John Nelson Lloyd, of Lloyd's Neck, Long Island.

In New York, on the 27th ult., by the Rev. Dr. Eastburn, Wm. H. Neilson, to Caroline Kaor, daughter of P. L. Mills.

DIED.

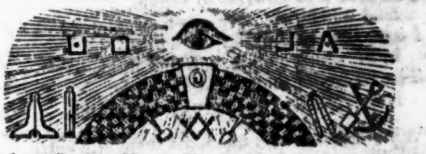
In this city, on the 1st inst., Richard Rosecrans, son of Abraham Rosecrans, in the 50th year of his age.

In New Scotland, on the 17th ult. Mrs. Rachel Van Heusen, relict of the late Rev. Harmanus Van Heusen, in the 82d year of her age.

At Utica, on the 22d ult. Hon. James Dean, aged 52 years.

In Rome, on the 6th ult., Cornelia Ann, wife of M. Farmer, editor of the Onondaga Standard, and daughter of Charles and Ann Mosely.

MASONIC CELEBRATION.



Hudson Lodge No. 7. Hudson R. A. Chapter, No. 6. and Lafayette Encampment, No. 7. will celebrate the coming Anniversary of "ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST," on the 24th of June next. Masonic Brethren, generally, are respectfully invited to unite in the festivities of the day.

By order of the Committee of Arrangements.

R. CARIQUE, W. M. of H. L.
S. A. COFFIN, K. of H. R. A. C.
L. U. LAWRENCE, G. C. of L. E.

Committee of Correspondence and Invitation.

Hudson, May 4, 5841.

TO THE MASONIC FRATERNITY.—We are desirous of drawing out some of the Masonic talent of our brethren, which at present appears to lie buried among the rubbish; and to this end, we will pay TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS, for the best original essay on the subject of Masonry—for the second best, two elegantly engraved Master and Royal Arch Aprons, on Satin, superbly got up, together with handsomely engraved Diplomas of the Master and R. A. Degrees. For the third best, the FREE subscription of the Register so long as we shall have any control of it. The Essay must not be less than TEN PAGES of ordinary foolscap, and it is desirable that the writer should not exceed fifteen such pages. The writer will choose his own method of presenting his subject, in such attractive, useful and practical shape, as will be of interest to the fraternity. The manuscripts will be submitted to two competent and impartial brethren. Each MSS. to be accompanied with the name and residence of the writer, written in such manner as to be detached from the copy; and no person shall be privy to such name but ourselves. All such manuscripts coming to us, whether by mail or otherwise, must be free of charge. The MSS. received, will be our property, and such of them as may be considered worthy of publication, will have the name of the writer added, unless he shall express a wish to the contrary, which will be honorably observed. The time for receiving such Essays will be until the FOURTH OF AUGUST NEXT; addressed to "American Masonic Register, Albany."

☞ Those papers with whom we exchange, will oblige us, if they will either copy the above, or notice the substance of it.

NEW ENGLAND TAVERN—REMOVAL.—The Subscriber respectfully informs his friends, customers and the Travelling public generally, that he has removed from his old stand [illegible] now on the same side of the street to the large and commodious house, heretofore known as the National Hotel, No 169 Market st. and for a number of years past, occupied by Mrs. Crosby, as a Boarding house. His reasons for removing are, that he can better accommodate his friends and more of them, without any additional expense on their part. The house is 4 stories high, with a proportionate depth. It is divided into a large number of rooms, [illegible] calculated for Families, men of business, &c. Persons travelling for pleasure, travellers by Rail Road, Steamboat or Stage, will find the New England, well adapted to their accommodation, being within five or ten minutes walk of the Rail Road, and within sixty or seventy rods of the Steamboat landings. Breakfast will be prepared every morning during the season of Navigation, at 6 o'clock, for those wishing it—and intending to take the 7 o'clock morning Boat for New York—[illegible] at 7 o'clock. An excellent stable is attached to the house with every convenience for those travelling with their teams, &c. The subscriber embraces the present opportunity to return his sincere thanks to those who have so liberally patronized him at his old stand, and requests a continuation of their favors at his new one. His old Customers and the travelling public generally, are respectfully invited to give him a call, and he pledges himself that every exertion shall be made to make their stay while at his House both pleasant and agreeable. His prices will be graduated so as to suit the times. 75 cts per day, for Board and Lodging.

A. W. STARKS.

Albany, May 15th, 1841. 1y

REMOVAL.—JOSEPH CHATTERSON, Draper and Tailor, respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has removed to the new store No. 113 Market-st. four doors south of the Eagle Tavern, where he intends to conduct the tailoring business in the first and most approved fashions.

J. C. trusts by his assiduity and attention to business to merit a share of public patronage, and solicits a continuation of the favors of his present customers, [illegible] by the long experience he has had in the above business to be able to give general satisfaction to those who may favor him with a call.

Just received a choice assortment of goods, suitable for the season.

m 31tf

POETRY.

THE SONG TO THE BROOK.

BY ABRAHAM MESSLER.

Bright daughter of the mountain shade,
Light bounding o'er the rocklet's shade,
As onward to the bright green glade
Thou wanderest on thy murmuring way—
Blithely chanting for the earth,
Through all thy winding way along,
Say, what prompts thy ceaseless mirth,
And wakes thy glad and joyous song?

Sweet streamlet of the flow'ry vale,
Lingering round each little hill,
The breath of flowrets to inhale,
And wandering at thy own sweet will;
I hear thee singing all the while,
In murmurs gentle, soft and mild,
Thy lingering moments to beguile,
Like Nature's feeling wayward child.

When Spring with blossoms scent the earth,
Thy song is rapid, loud and wild;
And mingling with the warbler's mirth,
Hath oft the heart of care beguiled.
But Summer's fainting heat subdues
That merry song to murmurs soft,
Till some fresh shower thy mirth renews,
To pour its melody aloft.

In Autumn's sere and fading time,
When flowers are gone and birds have fled,
I hear its melancholy chime,
A requiem o'er the beauteous dead;
But when the loud harsh Winter roars,
And storms are thundering o'er the earth,
Thy voice of madness shouts and soars
In deep and wide-responding mirth.

Or else in icy fetters bound,
Like some dull captive in his cell,
Where midnight reigns, and no sweet sound
Is heard to break thy gloomy spell—
Silent and sad thy voice is mute,
While creeping slowly on thy way,
As if in agony acute,
Thou waitest for the summer's day.

Sing on, bright streamlet, in thy joy—
A thousand voices glad as thine
The hand of Time will soon destroy,
As hearts are rent and souls repine!
But 'mid the dirge of death and woe,
The merry song will ne'er decline,
Our hearts may all their joys forego,
While joy and gladness still are thine!

FAREWELL TO MY NATIVE VALE.

Farewell, ye dear vale, and ye woodlands adieu,
Farewell to the joys I've relinquished with you;
No longer I hail those enchantments ye shed,
Your pleasures and pastimes no longer I wed.

Farewell too, ye friends, ye friends ever true,
No longer I sit in sweet converse with you;
Your precepts and counsel no longer I hail,
That oft times I've heard in my own native vale.

The rays of affection and shades of delight
That banish dull care, and bespangle with light,
That visit the mountain and light on the dale—
These pleasures are felt in my own native vale.

When Spring opes her bosom and puts forth her bloom
And Summer succeeds with a richer perfume,
When Sol mounts on high, and doth odors inhale—
These pleasures are felt in my own native vale.

When earth was enwrapped in her mantle of white,
And the green turf of Summer is hid from the sight,
Round the fire-side with joy how oft did I hail
The friends of my youth in my dear native vale.

When life shall be o'er, and its lamp cease to burn,
When back to the dust my frail body shall turn,
When the last trump shall sound, with joy may I hail
The friends of my youth, of my own native vale.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

It is a gentle flowery spot,
Beside a rich one's crumbling mound,
Where my poor mother's form is laid—
Where from earth's ills a rest she's found.

Earth's children fair are often seen
Attracted to that sacred spot,
By the gray marble mass near by,
Which hides a base and wealthy sot.

When some, perchance, have cast their eyes
Upon my mother's lowly bed,
I've heard them whisper as they pass'd,
"There lies the meek and humble dead."

Here high and low, here rich and poor,
Together mingle dust with dust,
While o'er the one the lilies weep,
The other boasts a marble bust.

At night I seek my mother's grave,
When sleep benumbs the world's cold scorn,
And then I utter forth the prayer
Which she taught me in childhood's morn.

Though 'bove her aged and hallow'd head,
No slab is rear'd her name to tell,
Her memory dear, and virtues bright
Within my heart will ever dwell.

But ere I quit life's rugged path,
I have one boon of some to crave—
That when I'm gone, they'll lay my bones
Beside her green and simple grave.

VALUE OF A MOMENT.

BY MONTGOMERY.

At every motion of our breath,
Life trembles on the brink of death!
A taper's flame that upward turns,
While downward to the dust it burns,

A moment ushered us to birth,
Heirs of the commonwealth of earth;
Moment by moment, years are past,
And one, ere long, will be our last.

'Twixt that, long fled, which gave us light,
And that which soon shall end in night,
There is a point no eye can see,
Yet on it hangs eternity.

This is that moment—who shall tell
Whether it leads to Heaven or Hell?
This is that moment—as we choose,
The immortal soul we have to lose.

Time past, the time to come, are not—
Time present is our only lot:
O God, henceforth our hearts incline
To seek no other love than thine!

WHAT WERE HER EYES LIKE?

BY JAMES BURTON.

What were her eyes like? Poet, say!
They seem'd, through their silken lashes,
Like the blue of a bright Italian day,
Or a star that through darkness flashes.

What were her lips like? Poet, say!
Like beautiful buds a growing
On one fair stem in the month of May,
But far more perfume throwing.

What were her teeth like? Poet, say!
They seem'd, with lips asunder,
Small caverns of pearl that hidden lay,
Or just shown to excite our wonder.

What were her cheeks like? Poet, say!
Like the bloom the peach receiveth,
Which the amorous sun, on a summer's day,
Doth kiss till a blush it leaveth.

MASONIC APRONS, of the Degree of Master and Royal Arch, splendidly engraved on Satin, can be obtained on application to this office. Likewise, handsomely engraved Diplomas of Master and Royal Arch, suitable for framing.
March 27, 1841.

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

EACH MONTH.

NAME.	PLACE.	TIME,
Temple Encampment,	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Temple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Lodge	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	3d Monday.
Evening Star Lodge,	West Troy	2nd & 4th Wednesday.
Phœnix Lodge,	Lansingburg	1st & 3d Thursday.
Olive Branch	Bethany Gen.	1st Wednesday.
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport Nia.	2nd Thursday
Ohio Lodge, No 101,	Wheeling Va.	1st Monday.
Wheeling Chapter, 19,	"	2d Thursday.
Wheeling Encampment	"	1st Saturday.
Washington Council,	"	2d Monday ev o month
Utica Lodge, 47,	Utica,	last Thursday.
Oneida Chapter, 57.	"	1st Thursday.
Utica Encampment,3	"	3d Tuesday.
Mount Moriah.	Louisville, Ky.	1st & 3d Monday
Louisville Encampment	do	4th Saturday.
King Solomon's chapter	do	2d Monday
Tyrian Council	do	4th Tuesday
Abrams Lodge	do	2d & 4th Thursday
Clark Lodge	do	1st and 3d Thursday
Lodge of Antiquity	do	1st Saturday
Memphis Chapter,	Memphis, Tenn	3d Monday.
Memphis Lodge,	do	2d Tuesday.
Georgia Chapter	Savannah Geo.	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Solomon Lodge	do	1st & 3d Thursday.
Zerubbabel Lodge	do	2d and 4th Thursday
Oglethorpe Lodge	do	1st and 3d Monday.
Shelbyville Chapter,	Shelbyville, Ky	1st Monday
Solomon's Lodge,	do	2d Monday.

PEOPLE'S LINE STEAM BOATS.

FOR NEW YORK FOR 1841—DAILY NIGHT LINE—PASSAGE $1——The public are informed that during the past winter extensive alterations have been made in the People's Line, by substituting the North America in the place of the Utica, and by adding thereto the South America, a splendid new boat now building in New York, and which will be ready to take her place in the line on the opening of navigation. The Line will then consist of the ROCHESTER and the NORTH and SOUTH AMERICA, three of the most splendid steam boats ever run on the North River, and will commence and continue to run for the conveyance of passengers and light freight between New York and Albany and intermediate places, during the coming season of navigation. The above Steamboats are not surpassed in point of speed by any boats in any country, nor equalled in extent and elegance of accommodation, and general adaptedness to the business in which they are engaged. The owners of the line are practical steamboat men, and their personal attention, with the advantage of fifteen years experience in the business will be devoted to the management of this new enterprise, so necessary for the accommodation and comfort of the travelling community, and they look with confidence to a discerning and liberal public for patronage and support.

One of the above Steamboats will leave Albany for New York, daily, at 5 o'clock P. M.

For further particulars, apply to the captains on board or at the office on the dock. mr. 12

AUTHORISED AGENTS.

The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents for the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorised to receive subscriptions and monies on its account.

Wm. Boardman 33 Jones st N. Y.	Isaac Cromie Louisville Ky
Tallmadge Fairchild Coxsackie	A C Smith Mount Clemens Mich
Joel D. Smith Castleton	J H M'Mahon Memphis Tenn
James Teft Coeymans	James A Miller Mobile
Stephen T. Leggett Troy	G L Cope jr Savannah
S. D. Smith Lansingburgh	A C Davis Portsmouth Ohio
Joseph Blackburn Poughkeepsie	D M Sheffield Tallahassee
John S. Weed West Greenfield	A S Pfister Columbus Miss
Ebenezer Mix Batavia	Jacob Nichols Wellsburgh Va
Blanchard Powers Cowlsville	Richard B Dallam St Louis Mo
James Cavanagh Watertown	H Coiman Liberty Mo
Myron L. Burrell Lockport	George Fisher Houston Texas
C R Very Bowdino	O Hughes Paris Ky
E W Northrop Le Roy	Dr J A Whetstone Washington Ala
Samuel Graves Auburn	Lewis S Deleplain Wheeling Va
A P Pfistor Tuscaloosa. Alabama	Rev Peyton F Smith, Monticello
Charles Steinagel Cincinatti, Ohio.	H B Smith, Steubenville, Ohio
Wm D Johnson, Lagrange, Tenn	Joseph Cable, Carrollton Ohio.
Sanders Shanks Shelbyville Ky.	

THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER,

Is Published every Saturday, by L. G. HOFFMAN,

Corner of Market and Division Sts. Albany,

TERMS.—To city subscribers, *Two Dollars* and *Fifty Cents* a year. To subscribers who receive their paper by mail, *Two Dollars*, if paid within 30 days after subscribing; *Two Dollars and Fifty Cents*, if not paid within 6 months, or *Three Dollars*, if not paid until the expiration of the year. No subscription received for less term, than one year. Back numbers at all times furnished

"A post master may enclose money in a letter to the publisher of a newspaper, to pay the subscription for a third person, and FRANK the letter, if written by himself."